THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS — IT'S

TERRIFIC

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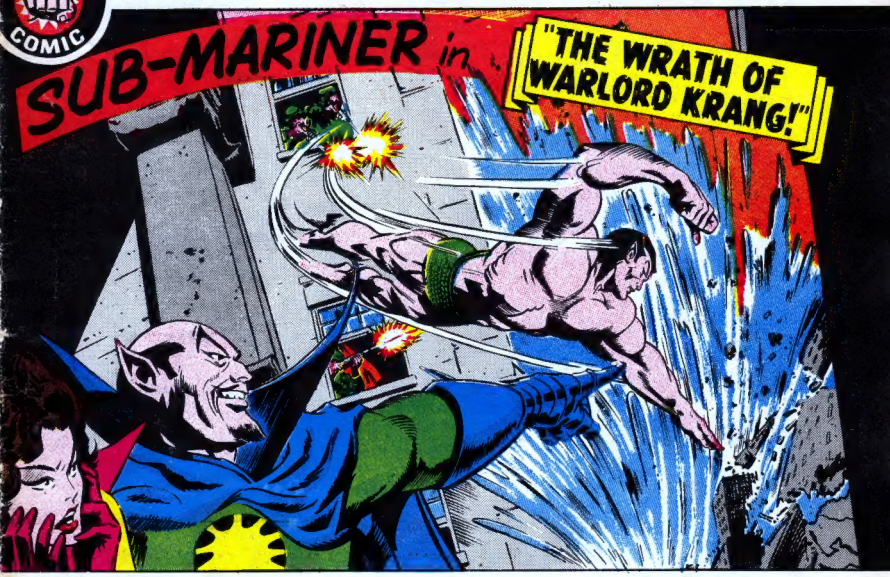
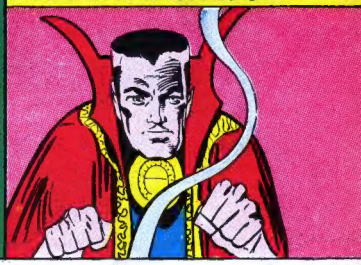
A POWER COMIC

No.19 EVERY MONDAY 9d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 10c.



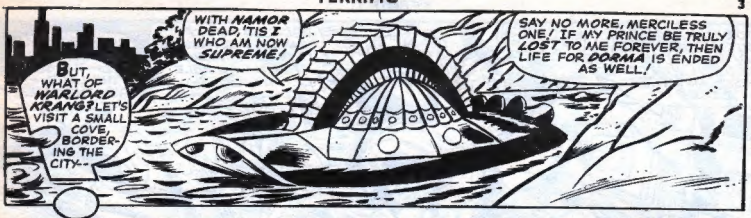
also: DR. STRANGE in "THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!"

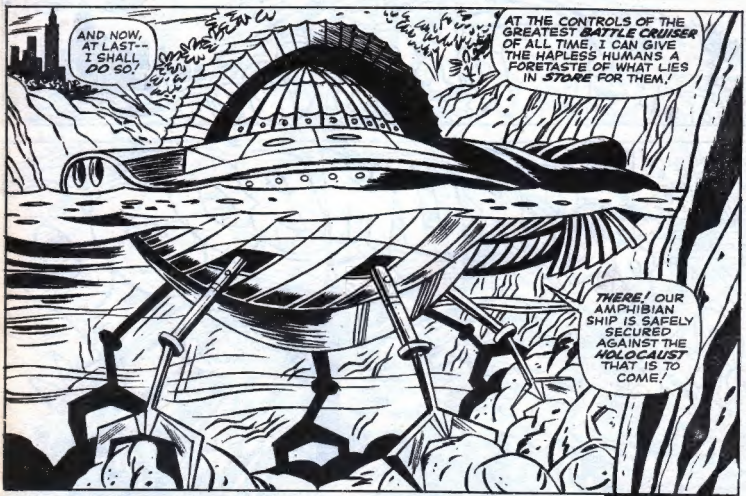


Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

"THE WRATH OF WARLORD KRANG!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

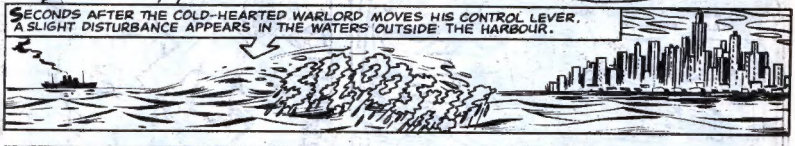




10 MUSTANGS MUST BE WON!!

SEE PAGE 25

NAMOR WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU! YOU ARE MAD! WHY ELSE WOULD YOU WANT TO DESTROY AN ENTIRE RACE?
BECAUSE OF MY CRAVING FOR POWER! IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR ME TO RULE ATLANTIS--
I MUST BE MONARCH OF ALL--THE SEA, THE LAND--EVEN THE SKIES!
RAKKKK!
BUT, THE HUMANS ARE POWERFUL--THEY TOO HAVE MIGHTY WEAPONS!
BE SILENT!! YOU SHALL SEE HOW FUTILE THEIR PALTRY DEFENCES ARE, AGAINST THE MIGHT OF KRANG!


SECONDS AFTER THE COLD-HEARTED WARLORD MOVES HIS CONTROL LEVER, A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE APPEARS IN THE WATERS OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR.

BUT, WITHIN MINUTES, THE SLIGHT SEA-SWELL HAS GROWN INTO A MADLY RUSHING, CAREENING, EVER-EXPANDING TIDAL WAVE---HURTLING DIRECTLY TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CITY!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

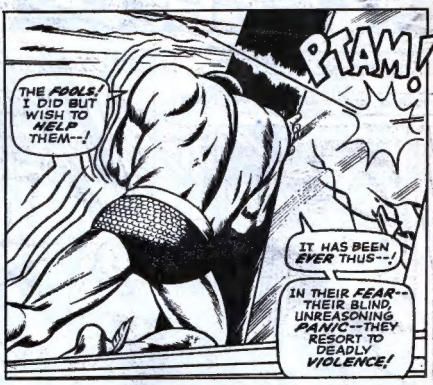
AND THEN, WITH THE ROAR OF A THUNDERCLAP--THE POWER OF A TORNADO--THE SPEED OF A LIGHTNING BOLT--IT STRIKES--!
RRRRRRRRRRUHBOOO
THAT NOISE! IT'S LIKE A SONIC BOOM!
IT--IT'S WORSE! LOOK! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!
NOTHING CAN SAVE US! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!

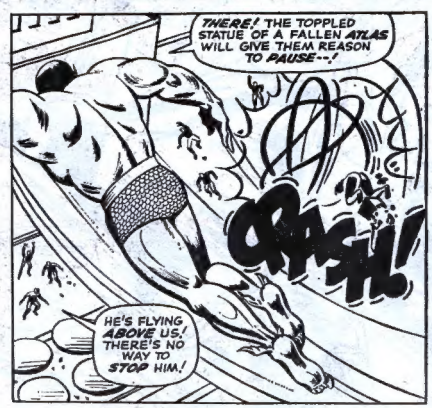
NO SOONER HAS THE SHOCKING THOUGHT STRUCK NAMOR THAN HE HAS HIS ANSWER--AT THE SAME INSTANT AS THE STUNNED POPULACE ALSO RECEIVES IT--!

THE ENTIRE CITY IS BEING FLOODED! THERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN!

IF NOTHING CAN STEM THE TIDE--WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

SAVE US!! IS THERE NOTHING THAT CAN SAVE US?!!





KEEP UP WITH WINGFOOT—ON A MUSTANG!!

YET, ONE THERE IS--ONE FAR STRONGER THAN KRANG--WHOSE PRINCELY HEART IS FILLED WITH RARE COMPASSION--
THOUGH THEY MISTAKENLY ATTACK ME, I MUST AID THE HUMANS--
FOR THEY DO BUT STRIKE IN NAMELESS PANIC--THEY THINK THAT NAMOR HAS CAUSED THE AWESOME DELUGE!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! CITY BEING FLOODED--!!
OUR RADIO S.O.S. IS USELESS! WHAT CAN ANYONE DO??
A RADIO TRANSMITTER! IF I CAN TAKE POSSESSION IN TIME--!
PERHAPS I CAN CONTACT THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS OF ATLANTIS!

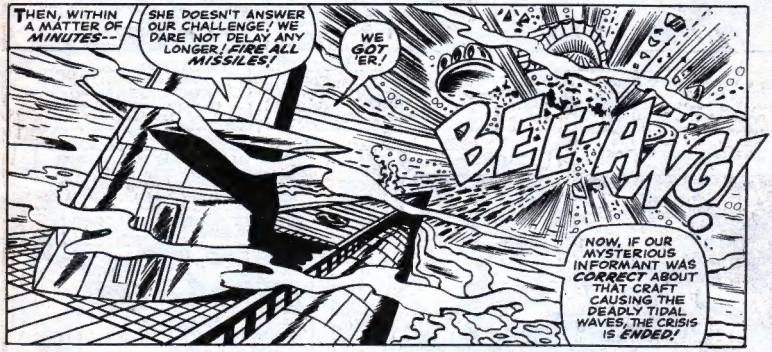
BUT, EVEN AS NAMOR CREEPS CLOSER TO THE OPEN WINDOW, THE TITANIC TIDAL WAVE SLOWLY SUBSIDES--
IS THE DANGER OVER? OR IS A SECOND SWELL ABOUT TO FORM?
WE CAN'T--WE WON'T DARE BREATHE EASY UNTIL THE SUB-MARINER IS CAUGHT!
THE WATERS!! LOOK--THEY'RE RECEDING!!

WHILE, ATOP THE NARROW LEDGE--
I MUST COMMANDEER THE RADIO--IN ORDER TO SUMMON AID FROM MY REALM!
LORD VASHT! WILL CALL FORTH MY COUNCIL OF SCIENCE--THEY WILL HAVE MEANS TO STEM THE TIDE!
I HAVE DELAYED LONG ENOUGH! THE TIME FOR ACTION IS NOW!

STAND ASIDE! THAT RADIO MUST BE MINE!
IMPERIUS REX!
IT'S THE SUB-MARINER! HE'S ATTACKING US!
QUICK! ALERT THE POLICE!!

NOW HEAR THIS!! SUB-MARINER INVADING THIS STATION! REPEAT--SUB-MARINER INVADING THIS STATION!!
FOOLS!! YOU DARE QUESTION MY IMPERIAL COMMAND?!
GET 'IM! HE CAN'T STOP US ALL!
THERE! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS--THEY'LL GET YOU NOW!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN--UNNNH!
WE NEED GUNS! CAN'T STOP HIM BARE-HANDED!
LEAVE HIM TO THE ARMY!

BUT, NOT EVEN A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD CAN POSSESS PATIENCE WITHOUT LIMIT! AND SO--
AWAY, PUNY HUMANS--'ERE I CRUSH YOU LIKE THE FLEAS YOU ARE!
LET HIM GO!! THE ARMY WILL BE HERE IN MINUTES!
BUT THEN--
'TIS USELESS! THIS TRANSMITTER CANNOT REACH DEEP ENOUGH BENEATH THE SEA!
INSTEAD, I MUST ATTEMPT ANOTHER COURSE--!
I MUST CONTACT THE SURFACE-MEN'S AIR FORCE!
MEANWHILE, SO DRUNK WITH POWER IS KRANG, THAT HE FORCES LADY DORMA TO ACCOMPANY HIM INTO THE CITY ITSELF --TO GLOAT OVER HIS HANDIWORK AT CLOSE RANGE--!
THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING--THE OPENING GUN ON MY WAR AGAINST THE AIR-BREATHERS!
WHEN WE RETURN TO MY SHIP, I SHALL LAUNCH A STILL GREATER TIDAL WAVE!
YOU FIEND INCARNATE!! IF ONLY NAMOR WERE ALIVE--
NAMOR? NAH!! EVEN HE COULD NOT STOP ME NOW!
IF ONLY I COULD STOP HIM--SOMEHOW--SOME WAY--IF ONLY HE'D RELAX HIS GUARD--JUST FOR AN INSTANT!



RIDE A MUSTANG!!

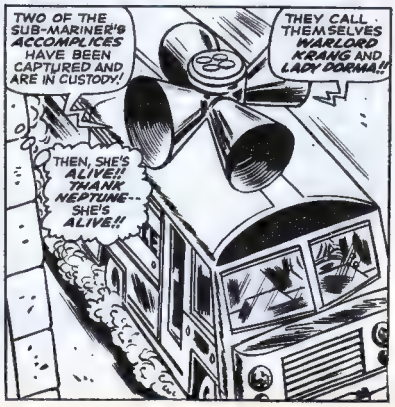
SEE PAGE 25

UNAWARE THAT NAMOR WAS AIDING THEM, THE DESPERATE MEN SUBJECT HIM TO AN ELECTRIC BARRAGE THAT WOULD FELL A REGIMENT--!
SKIZZZZK!
-UNNHHH!!-
WHILE LADY DORNA RESORTS TO A LAST, DESPERATE, THOUGH HOPELESS GAMBLE--
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!
EVEN IF YOU REACHED MY SHIP FIRST, THE CONTROLS WILL RESPOND ONLY TO MY TOUCH!
HE'S RIGHT! I'VE FAILED! BUT--WHAT IS THIS--?
THE SHIP--IT'S GONE!!
A NET!! DROPPED FROM ABOVE!! WHAT UNSPEAKABLE MADNESS IS THIS?!!
THE SURFACEMEN HAVE CAUGHT US!! AND, I'M GLAD--DO YOU HEAR?? GLAD!!
NO MATTER WHAT FATE AWAITS ME--I'LL FACE IT WITHOUT QUALM--KNOWING YOU WILL MENACE MANKIND NO LONGER!
WHOEVER THAT UNIDENTIFIED JOE WAS WHO GAVE US THE RADIO TIP, HE SURE KNEW HIS STUFF!
YEAH! HE SAID ANY SURVIVORS WOULD BE SURE TO RETURN TO THE SPOT!
WELL, WE GOT 'EM NOW!
LET'S REEL 'EM IN AND SEE WHAT WE'VE BAGGED!
WHILE, BACK AT THE RADIO STATION, THE STRONGEST AMPHIBIAN MORTAL ON EARTH SLOWLY RECOVERS FROM THE EFFECT OF THE SENSES-SHATTERING ELECTRIC SHOCK--
HE'S STILL CONSCIOUS!! LOOKS LIKE NOTHIN' CAN STOP HIM!
BUT, IT DOESN'T MATTER! THE BLAST MANAGED TO HOLD 'IM HERE FOR US!
SO WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?? LET'S TAKE 'IM!!
THUMP!

BUT, THE ONLY EASY THING ABOUT "TAKING" THE SUB-MARINER IS-- UTTERING THE WORDS!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!! FIRST, HE ABSORBS A FEW MILLION VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY-- THEN, SECONDS LATER, HE SHOVES A WHOLE PLATOON AROUND LIKE WE'RE JUST STRAW MEN!
STAY WITH 'IM, YOU GUYS!
WHAT? YOU PROFANE MY PRINCELY PERSON WITH YOUR CLUTCHING HANDS?!!
WE NEED MORE MEN!! HE-- JUST ISN'T HUMAN!!

LOOK OUT!! HE'S STRAIGHTENIN' UP! HE WASN'T EVEN TRYING TILL NOW!!
THWOK
IMPERIUS REX!!
AWAY, YOU WORTHLESS RABBLE!!

BUT THEN, THE LORD OF ATLANTIS STOPS IN HIS TRACKS--AS THE DISTANT DRONE OF A LOUD-SPEAKER ASSAILS HIS REGAL EARS--
RETURN TO YOUR HOMES!! THE DANGER IS OVER!! THE TIDAL WAVE HAS SUBSIDED! THE SUB-MARINER'S SHIP HAS BEEN DESTROYED!!
HE'S SLOWING DOWN! HE'S WEAKEN-ING!
CAN IT BE? DO THE FOOLS STILL THINK THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE?? THEY BELIEVE THE COMMAND CRAFT OF WARLORD KRANG WAS MINE??
NOW'S OUR CHANCE-- GET HIM!


TWO OF THE SUB-MARINER'S ACCOMPLICES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND ARE IN CUSTODY!
THEY CALL THEMSELVES WARLORD KRANG AND LADY DORMA!!
THEN, SHE'S ALIVE!! THANK NEPTUNE-- SHE'S ALIVE!!

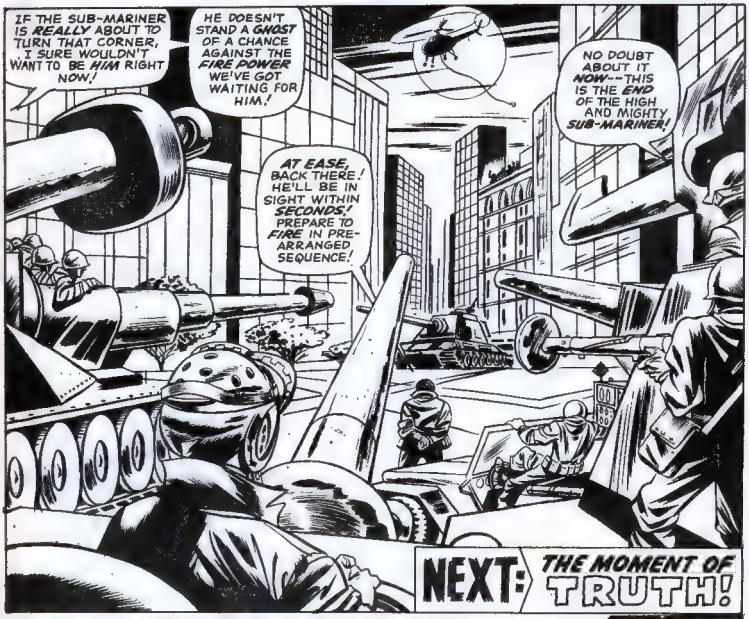
SUB-MARINER! IF YOU ARE WITHIN THE SOUND OF MY VOICE--HEAR THIS!
WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR SUBORDINATES--IT IS YOU WE WANT!
WE HAVE CAPTURED YOUR TWO ACCOMPLICES AS THEY RETURNED TO THE SITE OF YOUR HIDDEN SHIP! THEY ARE BEING BROUGHT TO THE CITY CENTRE!
THEY CAN ONLY MEAN --KRANG-- AND DORMA!
I'VE GOT TO GO! I MUST CONFRONT THEM!
LOOK OUT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

LET HIM GO! HE'S HEADING FOR THE CITY CENTRE!
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM THERE!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! THEY CAN HAVE MY SHARE OF HIM --FOR THE ASKING!

AND, APPROACHING THE CENTRE AT THAT MOMENT...
WHY DON'T WE HAUL THEM UP?
NEGATIVE! OUR ORDERS ARE TO KEEP THEM SUSPENDED--SO THAT THE SUB-MARINER CAN SEE THEM!
BUT I WONDER WHO THEY REALLY ARE?
KRANG! IT IS--BECOMING MORE DIFFICULT--FOR ME TO BREATHE!
MY SPECIAL FORMULA IS WEARING OFF! WE ARE IN DANGER OF SUFFOCATING!

THEY--THEY CANNOT HEAR US--! THEY DO NOT--REALIZE--!
NO! IT--IT MUST NOT END--THIS WAY--!
NOT WHEN VICTORY--WAS NEARLY MINE--!

SOON THE DYE WILL WEAR OFF OUR SKIN--AS WE TURN BLUE AGAIN!
BY THEN, NOTHING WILL BE ABLE--TO SAVE US--!
I THOUGHT ALL THE ATLANTEANS --EXCEPT NAMOR--HAD BLUE SKINS!
BUT THEIRS IS FLESH-COLOURED! CAN THEY BE TURNCOAT HUMANS??
WHO CARES?--JUST SO LONG AS THEY LURE THE SUB-MARINER HERE TO SAVE THEM--SO WE CAN GET HIM!



WIN THAT BIKE!!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
May the powers of the omnipotent Dormammu, the mighty Vishanti, and the hairy (oops) hoary Hoggoth get this letter printed! I am an individualist, I am going to COMPLAIN! Yes, about TERRIFIC! How? Just like this—I think TERRIFIC is—well, uh, um, ee, oo, err, well, ah! I can't do it, I just can't do it!! If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. I think TERRIFIC is great!! I especially like Prince Namor, The Avengers, Doc Strange, and Don Starr. Hope you don't mind a few questions, 'cos I'm going to ask a few—What is Cap's origin? Do you sell back-ishs? Has Bart changed his socks yet?—I luv your power mags 'cos Mum and Dad used not to let me have Marvel comics, but don't mind TERRIFIC etc. I don't know why but thanks ever so for bringing TERRIFIC out. You saved me! Thanks for printing my letter.
Paul Lavender,
Chigwell, Essex.

Cap's origin: In 1941, a weak, shrivelled Steve Rogers was the first Guinea Pig in an attempt to create an army of high powered muscle men, Paul. The experiment was successful but before any other guys could have the treatment an enemy spy shot the only scientist who knew the secret formula. Rogers then went into action against German secret agents until he was called up. He served as an ordinary soldier at a military base but by night he donned his costume and took up his famous shield as Captain America. Cap teamed up with the orphaned boy-mascot of the base, Bucky Barnes and together they waged war against enemy spies until the fatal dive-plane episode recorded in TERRIFIC 1.

Bart's socks walked off and left him last night, so he's ambling about the garret barefoot.

The address of our back-numbers Dept.: 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to say I think Captain America is one of the best Super Heroes Power Comics have ever thought up. But I do not think the same about Giant Man, that big-headed jerk! I hate him!
Michael Johnson
Spalding, Lincs

Show us a giant who's not bigheaded, Mike! But, seriously, you're all alone hating G.M. We gets dozens of letters from frantic ones who just LOVE him! Alf and Bart.

All hail "Headhitters" and Frantic Ones,
On my way home from Asgard last week I decided that I was a mutant. How did I decide that I was one? I'll leave that to you to decide. But before you die of heart failure I will give you my description. I am 9 feet 6 and ½ in. tall, my strength makes the Beast seem like a babe. I call myself Zantar the Mighty. But I only become Zantar when I can't read FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC or read Brand X comics. I must sign off now because I am growing again and my fingers are busting the typewriter and my 18-footed brother will trample me into dust. A FRANTIC ONE . . . AAARGHHH!
Dagenham, Essex.

Rest in Peace, Zantar. If the 18 footed one reads this—beware—Bart's socks are still at large!! Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In News From The Floor Of 64, TERRIFIC 12, you gave us some foreign names of Hulky and Thingy etc., but I've been doing some research and come up with some more names. For instance in French, ol' Greenskins' name would be *Le Bagne Incroyable*, Doc Strange would be *Docteur Etrange*. In German Iron man is *Eisenmann* and Cap would be *Kapitaen Amerika*. Back to French—Marvel Comics Group is *Merveille Comiques Groupe*, you lot in the garret are *Puissance Paquet*. In German these are *Wunderbare komische Gruppe* and *Machtpaket*.
Yours bilingually,
John Mimnagh,
Dublin, Ireland.
P.S. FANTASTIC is *Fantastisch* in German. TERRIFIC is *Epouvantable* in French.

Magnifique! Alf and Bart.

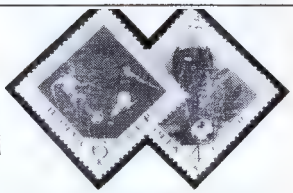
Dear Alf and Bart,
I have decided to write you a letter and not mention a thing about BRAND X. I was going to say that BRAND X are boring, trashy, unexciting, dull, dreary, not worth the money, and unartistic. But then I thought, everybody writes in to say that—so I decided to write a letter and not mention BRAND X and here it is. Hope you like it . . . First a moan, when do we get a pin-up of that magnificent mint coloured monster namely The HULK. YOU've had all the villains and heroes, but no HULK. So please let's have him. Also, how do you select your letters? Does Alf pick up a handful for your mags or does Bart make them into darts and select the ones that fly best?
Ivor Hughes,
North Hykeham,
Lincs.

The Hulk appears on the back of Fantastic 27, Ivor, or rather Fantastic 27 appears on the back of the Hulk! We select your letters by reading through about a ton of them a week weeding out the Brand x letters and selecting the Power Brand efforts like your own! Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I demand an explanation—why did you let Wonder Man die so soon? At least you could have let the Avengers fight Zemo to get the antidote for this newcomer. And another thing, every week you waste a page of the Avengers on showing us what happened last week when you could be packing in more power. But, in spite of this, the TERRIFIC is a wacking good comic.
Jim Millar,
Belfast 5.

We've had a lot of letters of lament for Wonder Man—and maybe one day soon will give him a fitting memorial by sticking him on the back of the mag as a pin-up. As for that "wasted" page of the Avengers (which crops up every OTHER week). Their stories are so complicated that WE can't remember All their adventures from one week to another—even if you can! Alf and Bart.

25 RUSSIA FREE!



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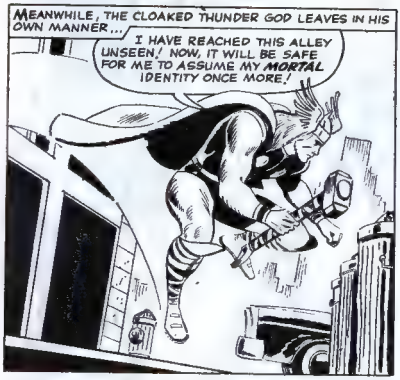
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

OKAY, HIGH-POCKETS, HOW ABOUT COMING DOWN TO EARTH AND TAKING YOUR LITTLE PARTNER OUT TO DINNER?
BEST OFFER I'VE HAD ALL DAY, PRETTY GIRL!

THEN, AS SOON AS GIANT-MAN AND THE WASP REACH THE SECLUDED EAST WING OF THE AVENGERS' HEADQUARTERS BUILDING...
DON'T YOU WANT TO GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM AND CHANGE, LIKE I DID, JAN?
I'M TOO HUNGRY, HANK! JUST TOSS MY COAT OVER MY SHOULDERS! NO ONE WILL SUSPECT I'M IN COSTUME!

ONLY MY LEGS ARE SHOWING NOW --AND WITH THE KOOKIE STOCKINGS GALS WEAR TODAY, I'LL LOOK RIGHT IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION!
YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT YOU, HONEY? YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE NUT!


MEANWHILE, THE CLOAKED THUNDER GOD LEAVES IN HIS OWN MANNER...
I HAVE REACHED THIS ALLEY UNSEEN! NOW, IT WILL BE SAFE FOR ME TO ASSUME MY MORTAL IDENTITY ONCE MORE!

NOTE: YOU ARE OBSERVING THE EXACT SECOND THAT THOR'S HAMMER STRIKES THE GROUND, JUST AS HIS CHANGE BACK TO DR. DON BLAKE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

AND, THE PASSERSBY OUTSIDE ARE TOO BUSY WITH THEIR OWN PURSUITS TO NOTICE A SLIM, LAME MAN LEAVING THE ALLEY--
WHO CAN BLAME THEM FOR PREFERRING TO LOOK AT A PRETTY GIRL RATHER THAN A MAN WITH A GNARLED WALKING STICK!?

BUT, OF ALL THE MIGHTY AVENGERS, ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS NO REASON TO HIDE HIS TRUE IDENTITY FROM THE OTHERS! THUS, AFTER THE MEETING...
PRETTY CLEVER OF YOU, KEEPING YOUR SHIELD IN A LARGE ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO, CAP!
WELL, RICK, I'D FEEL MIGHTY CONSPICUOUS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH IT ON MY ARM!
ESPECIALLY WHILE YOU'RE WEARING THAT IVY LEAGUE SUIT, STEVE!

YOU TWO RUN ALONG! I WANT TO STAY BEHIND AND MAKE SURE ALL OUR ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY!
STRANGE HOW IRON MAN IS ALWAYS LAST TO LEAVE! WELL, I GUESS IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS--!
OKAY, AVENGER! KEEP YOUR TRANSISTORS DRY!

BUT, THE REASON WHY THE GOLDEN AVENGER CHOOSES TO REMAIN BEHIND IS SOON MADE VERY CLEAR--TO US--!
I WAS AFRAID THEY'D NEVER LEAVE! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RECHARGE MY LIFE-SAVING CHEST DEVICE--!

--BUT, I COULD HARDLY DO IT IN VIEW OF THE OTHERS, THUS REVEALING MYSELF AS TONY STARK, THE MAN FROM WHOM IRON MAN "BORROWS" THIS MANSION FOR THEIR MEETINGS!
IT CERTAINLY IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE THINGS NICE AND PEACEFUL FOR A CHANGE!

HOWEVER, THE HANDSOME MILLIONAIRE MIGHT BE FAR LESS RELAXED IF HE COULD WITNESS A SCENE WHICH IS NOW TAKING PLACE IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE...
TOO LONG HAVE I REMAINED HERE IN HIDING!! THE TIME HAS COME FOR ZEMO TO STRIKE BACK ONCE AGAIN AT THE ACCURSED AVENGERS!!

LITTER BEARERS!! YOUR MONARCH COMMANDS!! TAKE ME TO MY PRIVATE AIRSTRIP!! GO!!
THIS TIME I CANNOT FAIL! I SHALL ATTACK THEM THROUGH THEIR WEAKEST LINK! AND I SHALL SHOW THEM NO MERCY, NO SURCEASE, UNTIL I HAVE DESTROYED THEM COMPLETELY!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! OBEY THEM! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE!

WE SHALL NOT FAIL! WE HAVE REHEARSED IT TOO MANY TIMES! YOUR PLAN IS FOOL-PROOF! HAIL, ZEMO!

OF ALL THE MURDEROUS WAR CRIMINALS, ONLY ZEMO HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE COMPLETELY! BUT, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE AVENGERS DESTROY HIM--OR HE DESTROYS THEM!

IT'S DONE! NOTHING CAN STOP MY PLAN NOW! SOON I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA--ON ALL OF THEM, FOR THE WAY THEY'VE HOUNDED ME ALL THESE MONTHS!

BACK IN THE CITY, IN A QUIET HOTEL ROOM, THE VALIANT MAN, WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AS CAPTAIN AMERICA, ATTEMPTS TO FIND THE WORDS TO USE IN AN IMPORTANT LETTER...

Dear Col. Fury
You won't remember me, but we met in combat during the war! I'm anxious to get back into harness again, and I've heard that you are engaged in important counter-espionage for the army

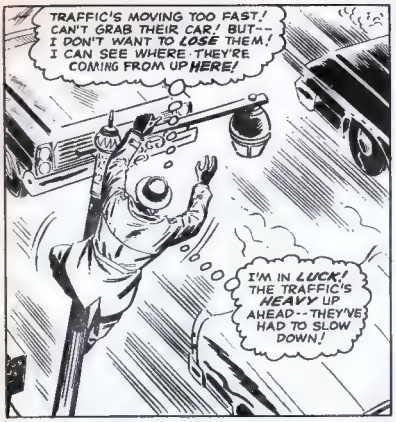
BUT THEN... I CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT WAY TO SAY IT! HE'LL THINK I'M SOME SORT OF CRACKPOT! BUT, I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME FULL-TIME WORK FOR MYSELF! I CAN'T KEEP LETTING THE AVENGERS FOOT MY BILLS!

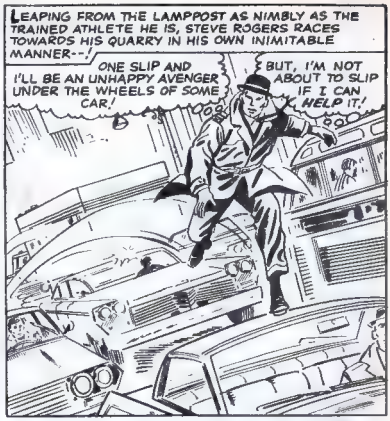
AND, I'D RATHER BE IN COUNTER-ESPIONAGE THAN ANYTHING I CAN THINK OF! ALL MY LIFE HAS BEEN A TRAINING GROUND FOR SUCH WORK!

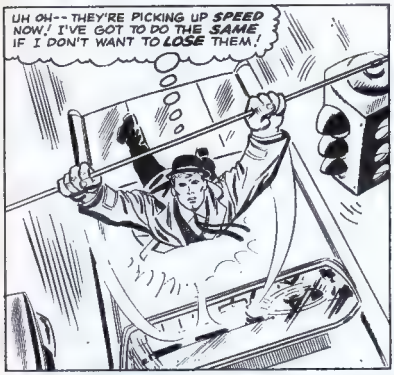
FINALLY, STEVE ROGERS DECIDES TO MAIL THE LETTER! AND, AS HE DROPS IT IN THE LETTER BOX, HE SEES...

IN THAT CAR--THE ENCHANTRESS--AND THE EXECUTIONER! I'D KNOW THEM ANYWHERE!!

THEIR VERY PRESENCE IS A THREAT TO THE CITY! I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM!!

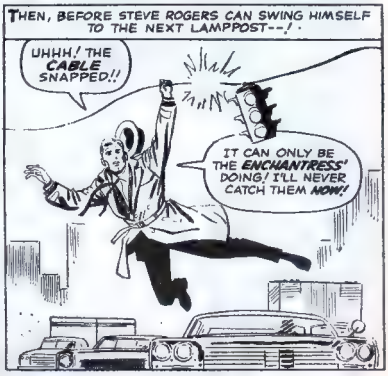

TRAFFIC'S MOVING TOO FAST! CAN'T GRAB THEIR CAR! BUT-- I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM! I CAN SEE WHERE THEY'RE COMING FROM UP HERE!
I'M IN LUCK! THE TRAFFIC'S HEAVY UP AHEAD--THEY'VE HAD TO SLOW DOWN!


LEAPING FROM THE LAMPPOST AS NIMBLY AS THE TRAINED ATHLETE HE IS, STEVE ROGERS RACES TOWARDS HIS QUARRY IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE MANNER--!
ONE SLIP AND I'LL BE AN UNHAPPY AVENGER UNDER THE WHEELS OF SOME CAR!
BUT, I'M NOT ABOUT TO SLIP IF I CAN HELP IT!


UH OH--THEY'RE PICKING UP SPEED NOW! I'VE GOT TO DO THE SAME IF I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THEM!

WHAT IS IT, ENCHANTRESS?? WHY DO YOU TURN TO LOOK BEHIND YOU THAT WAY?
MY SORCERER'S INTUITION WARNED ME WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! AND I WAS RIGHT!

I KNOW NOT WHO OUR PURSUER IS, BUT HE SHALL FOLLOW US NO LONGER!!
ONE SIMPLE SPELL IS ALL I REQUIRE!


THEN, BEFORE STEVE ROGERS CAN SWING HIMSELF TO THE NEXT LAMPPOST--!
UHHH! THE CABLE SNAPPED!!
IT CAN ONLY BE THE ENCHANTRESS' DOING! I'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW!

LATER, IN AN IMPERIALLY FURNISHED PRIVATE BUILDING IN THE HEART OF THE CITY...
I GROW BORED WITH THIS INACTION! HOW MUCH LONGER NEED WE WAIT?
OUR WAITING IS OVER! SEE--THE COMMUNICATOR IS GLOWING RIGHT NOW!

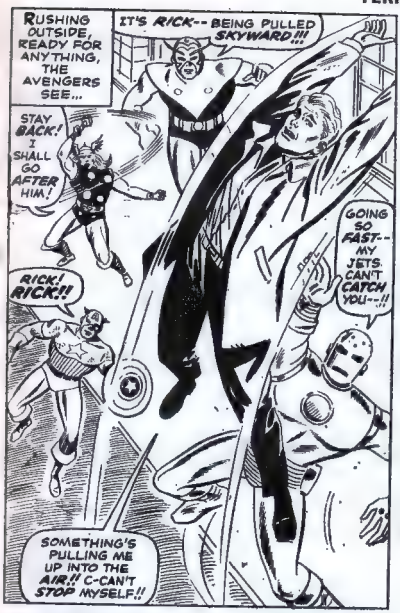
THE TIME HAS COME! MY PLAN IS IN OPERATION! YOU BOTH REMEMBER WHAT YOU ARE TO DO?!
WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF, ZEMO! IMMORTALS NEVER FORGET!

THEN THE TIME HAS COME AT LAST-- FOR US TO CRUSH THE AVENGERS!!
THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE BEATEN US IN THE PAST-- PURELY BY LUCK, OF COURSE, WILL MAKE OUR TRIUMPH DOUBLY SWEET!
BUT, WE MUST NOT BE OVER-CONFIDENT! REMEMBER--THEY ARE STILL THE MIGHTIEST FIGHTING TEAM ON EARTH!

AND, EVEN WHILE ZEMO AND THE TWO OUTCASTS FROM ASGARD FINALIZE THEIR PLANS...
I CALLED THIS EMERGENCY MEETING BECAUSE I SAW THE ENCHANTRESS AND THE EXECUTIONER IN THE CITY!
IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING--!
A NEW ATTACK UPON US WILL COME AT ANY MINUTE!

SO BE IT! THEY SHALL FIND THE AVENGERS RESOLUTE AS EVER--MIGHTY AS EVER!
WATCH OUT WHERE YOU SWING THAT HAMMER, GOLDEN BOY! THERE'S A LADY PRESENT!
BY THE WAY--WHERE IS RICK JONES?

BUT, BEFORE ANYONE CAN ANSWER CAP...
LISTEN!!
THE ROAR OF A GIANT ENGINE--COMING CLOSER!
WHAT CAN IT BE??


RUSHING OUTSIDE, READY FOR ANYTHING, THE AVENGERS SEE...
IT'S RICK--BEING PULLED SKYWARD!!!
STAY BACK! I SHALL GO AFTER HIM!
RICK! RICK!!
GOING SO FAST--MY JETS CAN'T CATCH YOU--!!
SOMETHING'S PULLING ME UP INTO THE AIR!! C-CAN'T STOP MYSELF!!

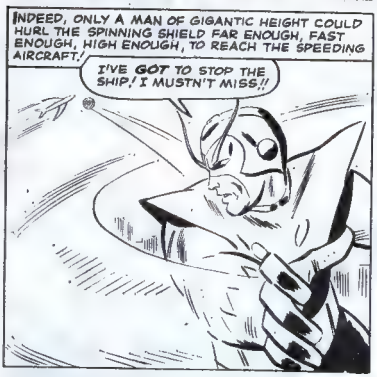
LOOK! THERE'S A PLANE UP ABOVE! RICK IS HEADING RIGHT TOWARDS IT!
THAT'S THE ANSWER! SOME SORT OF INVISIBLE RAY IS PULLING RICK TO THE SHIP! --AT FANTASTIC SPEED!!

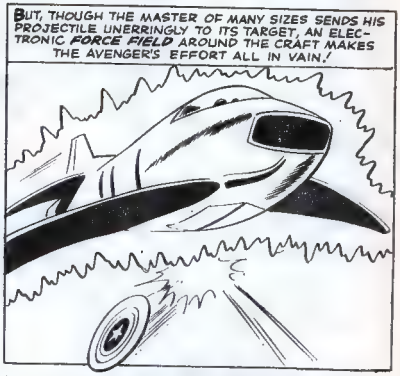
AVENGERS--DISPERSE!! THEY HAVE DROPPED A MINE DOWN UPON US!!
IT'S A CONCUSSION-TYPE, THOR!! IT'S READY TO BE DETONATED!!
I HAVE HURLED THE WASP AWAY--AT LEAST SHE SHALL BE UNAFFECTED BY THE IMPACT!

AND THEN, IT HAPPENS...
KRAKOOM

MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE AWESOME BLAST, THE TWO HEROIC FIGURES PLUMMET EARTHWARD, UNTIL--A PAIR OF GIGANTIC HANDS REACHES UP, AND...
GOT THEM!
RICK IS GONE!! THEY WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!!

CAP--QUICK! THERE'S STILL A SLIM CHANCE! GIVE ME YOUR SHIELD--!
HERE IT IS, AVENGER! I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO--! ONLY YOU CAN PULL IT OFF!


INDEED, ONLY A MAN OF GIGANTIC HEIGHT COULD HURL THE SPINNING SHIELD FAR ENOUGH, FAST ENOUGH, HIGH ENOUGH, TO REACH THE SPEEDING AIRCRAFT!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THE SHIP! I MUSTN'T MISS!!


BUT, THOUGH THE MASTER OF MANY SIZES SENDS HIS PROJECTILE UNERRINGLY TO ITS TARGET, AN ELECTRONIC FORCE FIELD AROUND THE CRAFT MAKES THE AVENGER'S EFFORT ALL IN VAIN!

AND, INSIDE THE SPEEDING SHIP,...
ZEMO WILL REWARD US HANDSOMELY FOR CAPTURING THE BOY!
ZEMO! SO HE'S BEHIND THIS!
THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU!

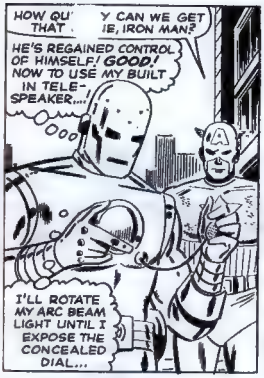
TIE HIM SECURELY! IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR PHASE TWO OF ZEMO'S MASTER PLAN TO DESTROY THE AVENGERS!
OUR "ATTRACTOR BEAM" HAS SERVED US WELL!
IT SERVED BETTER THAN THEY SUSPECT! I WAS ABLE TO SNEAK ABOARD ALSO, WHILE THEY DREW RICK INTO THE SHIP!

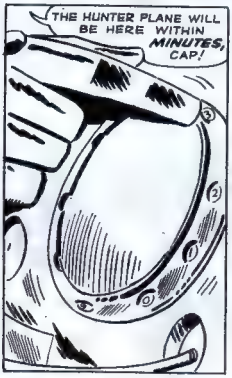
MEANWHILE, DOWN BELOW...

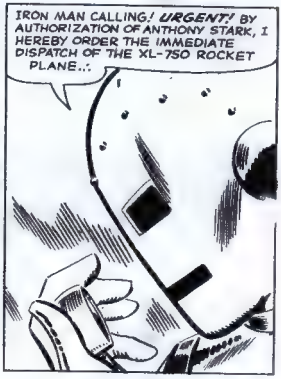
EASY, CAP! WE'LL GO *AFTER* THEM! I'LL REQUISITION ONE OF TONY STARK'S HUNTER PLANES!

THEY GOT *RICK!* IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT BOY--!!

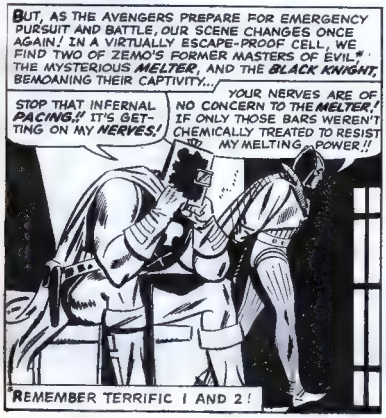
WE'LL *GET* THEM, AVENGER! *THEY'RE* THE ONES WHO SHOULD BE WORRIED! REMEMBER--WE'VE NEVER FAILED *YET!*



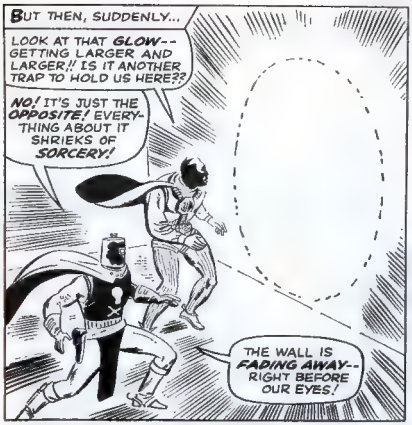




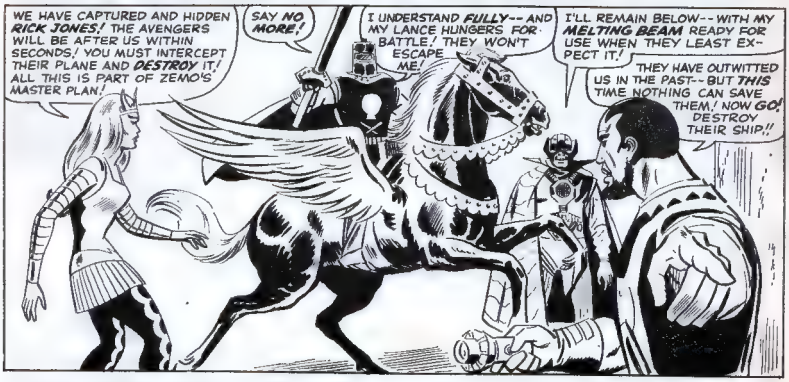
BUT, AS THE AVENGERS PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY PURSUIT AND BATTLE, OUR SCENE CHANGES ONCE AGAIN! IN A VIRTUALLY ESCAPE-PROOF CELL, WE FIND TWO OF ZEMO'S FORMER MASTERS OF EVIL--THE MYSTERIOUS *MELTER,* AND THE *BLACK KNIGHT,* BEMOANING THEIR CAPTIVITY...



REMEMBER TERRIFIC 1 AND 2!


BUT THEN, SUDDENLY...
LOOK AT THAT GLOW--GETTING LARGER AND LARGER!! IS IT ANOTHER TRAP TO HOLD US HERE??
NO! IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE! EVERYTHING ABOUT IT SHRIEKS OF SORCERY!
THE WALL IS FADING AWAY--RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

I KNEW IT! ZEMO SENT THE EXECUTIONER AND THE ENCHANTRESS TO SET US FREE!
WE HAVE YOUR WEAPONS--AND YOUR WINGED HORSE! HURRY--BEFORE THE GUARDS COME AFTER YOU!
ONCE WE'RE FREE AGAIN, IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN MERE GUARDS TO CAPTURE US ONCE MORE!
WE HAVE ORDERS FOR YOU--FROM ZEMO! LISTEN CAREFULLY--!


WE HAVE CAPTURED AND HIDDEN RICK JONES! THE AVENGERS WILL BE AFTER US WITHIN SECONDS! YOU MUST INTERCEPT THEIR PLANE AND DESTROY IT! ALL THIS IS PART OF ZEMO'S MASTER PLAN!
SAY NO MORE!
I UNDERSTAND FULLY--AND MY LANCE HUNGERS FOR BATTLE! THEY WON'T ESCAPE ME!
I'LL REMAIN BELOW--WITH MY MELTING BEAM READY FOR USE WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT IT!
THEY HAVE OUTWITTED US IN THE PAST--BUT THIS TIME NOTHING CAN SAVE THEM! NOW GO! DESTROY THEIR SHIP!!

I'VE WAITED TOO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT--AND NOW, WITH THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON MY SIDE, I CANNOT FAIL!

THERE IT IS!! THE AVENGERS' ROCKET HUNTER PLANE! A FITTING TARGET FOR MY INVINCIBLE LANCE!
IRON MAN--LOOK! DEAD AHEAD--THE BLACK KNIGHT!
WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! HE'S ATTACKING US!
AND AS THE BLACK KNIGHT CLOSES IN, WE FADE FROM THE SCENE TILL NEXT ISH...

These sporty mannies have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims

GET LUCKY!

Only three short weeks are left in the POWER POP COMPETITION—so if you haven't yet entered cry, "By the bristling beard of Odin I too shall compete!!" Then read the rules and have a go!

Ten lucky frantic ones are bound to win MUSTANGS and YOU could be one of them! So get cracking!

Remember you can send one coupon from *each* of the POWER mags every week of the competition.

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION
98 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. 19.7.67

Cut around dotted line

Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

"THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

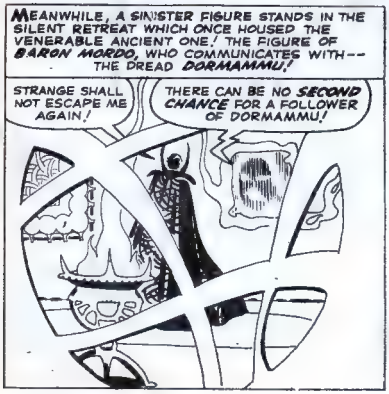
IN A SHADOWY STREET IN HONG KONG, A LONE FIGURE DESPERATELY RACES THROUGH THE GLOOM.
BY USING MYSELF AS A DECOY, I HAVE DRAWN MORDO'S MENACE AWAY FROM THE ANCIENT ONE! BUT HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I ESCAPE HIS POWER?

IF ONLY I KNEW HOW HE BECAME MORE POWERFUL THAN I! I CANNOT FIGHT WHAT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

BEHOLD! OUR PREY DRAWS EVER NEARER!
MORDO SHALL REWARD US WELL FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

BUT, AS THE MINIONS OF MORDO ATTACK, THEY ARE BLINDED BY THE SUDDEN BRILLIANCE OF THE AMULET OF DR. STRANGE!!
BACK, YOU CARRION! NEVER SHALL I BOW TO SUCH AS YOU!
MY EYES! I CANNOT SEE!

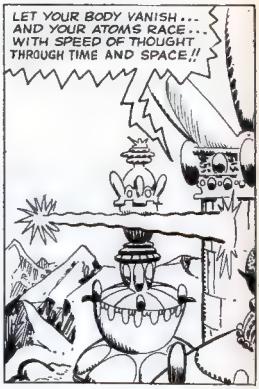
THEN, BEFORE HIS ASSAILANTS LAUNCH A NEW ATTACK, A DESPERATE COMBINATION OF SAVAGE SPELLS AND SMASHING FISTS BATTER THEM INTO HELPLESSNESS!
THOUGH YOUR MASTER'S POWER MAY EXCEED MY OWN, I SHALL FIGHT TILL THE VERY END -- AND AFTER, IF HOGGOTH WILLS!
THOK!


MEANWHILE, A SINISTER FIGURE STANDS IN THE SILENT RETREAT WHICH ONCE HOUSED THE VENERABLE ANCIENT ONE! THE FIGURE OF BARON MORDO, WHO COMMUNICATES WITH -- THE DREAD DORMAMMU!
STRANGE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN!
THERE CAN BE NO SECOND CHANCE FOR A FOLLOWER OF DORMAMMU!

MORDO FOLLOWS NO ONE! WE ARE ALLIES -- NOT MASTER AND SLAVE!
HAVE A CARE, HUMAN! ONLY BECAUSE I FIND YOU USEFUL TO ME NOW DO I TOLERATE YOUR IMPUDENCE!

THEN, ENDING CONTACT WITH THE RULER OF THE DARK DIMENSION, MORDO SUMMONS A WAITING DISCIPLE...
COME FORTH! I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU!
AS THE MASTER COMMANDS!

I SHALL SEND YOU TO HONG KONG TO FIND THE ACCURSED DR. STRANGE! YOU SHALL BE MY EYES --MY EARS-- MY HANDS!
LET YOUR MIND GO BLANK AS I SAY THE MYSTIC WORDS--


LET YOUR BODY VANISH... AND YOUR ATOMS RACE... WITH SPEED OF THOUGHT THROUGH TIME AND SPACE!!

NO SOONER HAS THE INCANTATION ENDED, AND THE MYSTIC SIGN BEEN MADE, THAN MORDO'S DISCIPLE TAKES SHAPE ONCE MORE--IN THE HEART OF HONG KONG!
MY BRAIN! IT THROBS AND ACHES AS THOUGH WITH A LIFE OF ITS OWN!

NO, YOU FOOL! NOT ITS OWN LIFE--BUT MINE! FOR I AM INHABITING IT WITH YOU! IT IS AS THOUGH MORDO HAS COME TO HONG KONG!

YOU WILL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER! GO TO THE ADDRESS I AM THINKING OF--IT IS A PLACE WHERE SMUGGLERS GATHER--!
I GO, MASTER!

MINUTES LATER, IN A DISMAL WATERFRONT DEN...
I SPEAK FOR THE MIGHTY BARON MORDO! HE COMMANDS YOU TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF THE CITY UNTIL DR. STRANGE IS FOUND!
BEGONE, MAN FROM NOWHERE! WE TAKE ORDERS FROM NONE!
WE ARE NOT THE LACKEYS OF YOUR BARON MORDO!

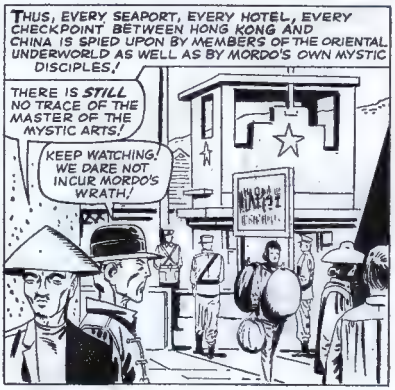
WHAT?!! YOU DARE DEFY AN ORDER FROM HE WHO WILL ONE DAY BE THE RULER OF MANKIND?!!
WHO SPEAKS ??
LOOK! THAT FACE--FLOATING IN THE AIR! IT IS THE EVIL ONE HIMSELF!
YOUR MYSTIC POWERS DO NOT FRIGHTEN US, MORDO!

FOOL! TO ME, YOUR WORDS ARE LESS THAN THE BAYING OF A MONGREL HOUND! I SHALL SHOW YOU HOW I DEAL WITH SUCH AS YOU--!

NOW, WITLESS ONE, LET THE VAPOURS OF VALTORR ENGULF THEE--!!
NO! NO!

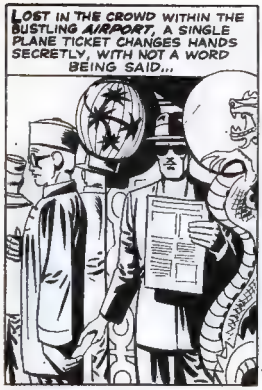
WHO ELSE AMONG YOU WOULD DEFY THE WORD OF MORDO??
NONE! WE BOW TO YOUR WILL, MIGHTY MORDO!
AS I KNEW YOU WOULD!

THEN GO! AND DO NOT DARE RETURN UNTIL YOU HAVE FOUND DR. STRANGE!
I SHALL FREE THE ONE I PUNISHED, ALSO! FOR, THE MORE WHO SEEK MY ENEMY, THE SOONER I WILL DESTROY HIM!


THUS, EVERY SEAPORT, EVERY HOTEL, EVERY CHECKPOINT BETWEEN HONG KONG AND CHINA IS SPIED UPON BY MEMBERS OF THE ORIENTAL UNDERWORLD AS WELL AS BY MORDO'S OWN MYSTIC DISCIPLES!
THERE IS STILL NO TRACE OF THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
KEEP WATCHING! WE DARE NOT INCUR MORDO'S WRATH!

BUT, EVIL MORDO LEAVES NOTHING TO CHANCE! UNSEEN BY ANY MORTAL EYES, HIS ETHEREAL SINISTER SPIRITS ALSO SEEK OUT DR. STRANGE, FLOATING THROUGH THE TEEMING CITY LIKE SILENT SPECTRES...
HOW QUIET HONG KONG IS TONIGHT!
AND YET, IT IS ALMOST LIKE THE CALM BEFORE A TERRIBLE STORM!

AND SO THE SEARCH CONTINUES! BUT, ALTHOUGH IT IS KNOWN THAT HE IS SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE ANCIENT CITY, NO TRACE IS FOUND OF THE HUNTED MAN!
BUT NOW, WE ARE ABOUT TO FIND HIM...

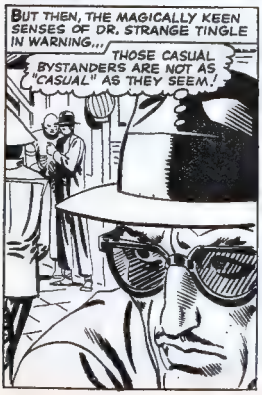

LOST IN THE CROWD WITHIN THE BUSTLING AIRPORT, A SINGLE PLANE TICKET CHANGES HANDS SECRETLY, WITH NOT A WORD BEING SAID...

THERE IS TIME BEFORE THE PLANE LEAVES! I MUST REMAIN HIDDEN UNTIL THEN!

MORDO HAS MUSTERED MANY TO HIS SIDE! ANYONE I PASS MIGHT BE A DEADLY FOE, READY TO STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING!

EVEN HIS SILENT SPECTRES HAVE JOINED IN THE GRIM SEARCH FOR ME!
THOUGH ORDINARY HUMANS CANNOT DETECT THEIR PRESENCE, TO ONE WITH MY MYSTIC TRAINING, THEY ARE AS REAL AS IF THEY POSSESSED FLESH AND BLOOD!

THE BEST PLACE FOR ME IS ALONG THE WATERFRONT! EVEN IF I SHOULD BE SEEN, IT WILL BE THOUGHT I SEEK AN ESCAPE BOAT, AND THUS I WILL DRAW SUSPICION FROM THE AIRPORT!


BUT THEN, THE MAGICALLY KEEN SENSES OF DR. STRANGE TINGLE IN WARNING...
THOSE CASUAL BYSTANDERS ARE NOT AS "CASUAL" AS THEY SEEM!

I KNEW IT! I'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! THEY'RE SURROUNDING ME!

BACK, YOU EMISSARIES OF EVIL!! MAY THE SHADES OF THE SERAPHIM SUBDUE YOU!!
NOW! WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED! GET HIM!

NOT SO FAST, ASSASSINS! THERE IS MUCH ABOUT THE MYSTIC ARTS WHICH YOU SHOULD KNOW!

SORCERY IS MORE THAN THE LEARNING OF ANCIENT SPELLS! IT ALSO STRESSES MUSCLE POWER AND FIGHTING SKILL!

BUT, ALTHOUGH HE FIGHTS WITH VALOUR AND DISTINCTION, DOCTOR STRANGE IS BUT ONE MAN, AND HIS FOES ARE MANY!!
THIS WILL SETTLE YOU!
UHHHH--

THEY'RE WEARING ME DOWN! I MUST USE A STILL STRONGER SPELL TO HOLD THEM BACK NOW!
BY THE POWERS OF THE VISHANTI, I COMMAND YOU-- DISPERSE!

MEANWHILE, HOWEVER...
FASTER, YOU LUMBERING OAF --FASTER! I HAVE NOT FINALLY LOCATED HIM, ONLY TO LOSE HIM AGAIN, AS BEFORE!
YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU SEEK AROUND YON CORNER, MASTER!

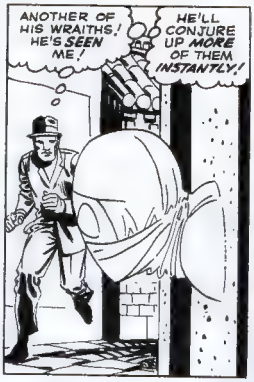
NOW, BEFORE THEY ATTACK AGAIN--I MUST CREATE AN ILLUSION!
IT HAS WORKED IN THE PAST-- I PRAY IT WILL WORK AGAIN! LET MY ENEMIES NOT KNOW WHICH IMAGE IS MY TRUE SELF!

THE VISHANTI BE THANKED! IT SUCCEEDED!
NOW, IF I CAN JUST HOLD OUT A SHORT TIME LONGER--!

BUT, THE TIME ALLOTTED TO DR. STRANGE SEEMS TO BE RUNNING DANGEROUSLY LOW! FOR, WHEN MORDO REACHES THE SCENE...
STOP, YOU FOOLS! YOU PURSUE MERE PHANTOMS! I SHALL DEAL WITH THE TRUE ENEMY NOW!

NO MATTER WHERE HE HIDES--NO MATTER HOW HE SPIRITS HIMSELF AWAY, I HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH POWER TO FIND HIM--TO DESTROY HIM!

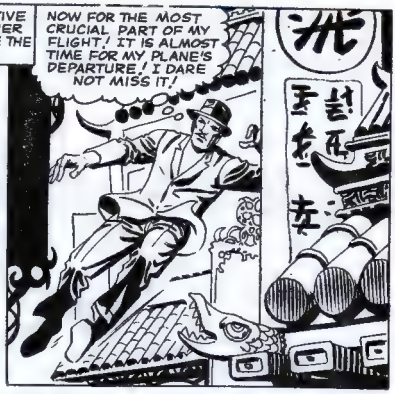
AND, EVEN AS HE RACES THROUGH THE TWISTING ALLEYS AND BACK STREETS OF HONG KONG, DR. STRANGE CAN SENSE THE SHEER HATRED OF MORDO--- HATRED WHICH FANS OUT LIKE A LIVING, DESTRUCTIVE FORCE!
MORDO HIMSELF IS DIRECTING THE HUNT FOR ME! I CAN FEEL IT!

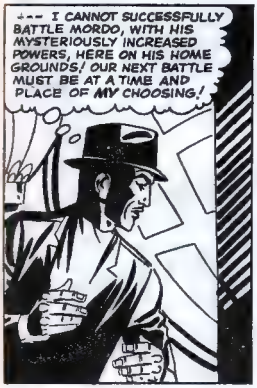

ANOTHER OF HIS WRAITHS! HE'S SEEN ME!
HE'LL CONJURE UP MORE OF THEM INSTANTLY!

I WAS RIGHT! HERE THEY COME!

IT WILL TAKE MORDO A FRACTION OF A SECOND TO MENTALLY REACH THE SCENE!
THAT MINUTE INTERVAL OF TIME IS ALL I'LL NEED TO CREATE MY MULTIPLE BODY ILLUSION ONCE MORE!
BUT THIS TIME, I'LL ADD SOMETHING NEW TO THE MYSTIC EFFECT---!
EACH ILLUSORY FIGURE SHALL HAVE THE POWER OF HYPNOTISM! BY THE MANY MOONS OF MUNNOPOR, LET IT BE SO!!

THUS, EACH ETHEREAL FIGURE THROWS A MYSTIC SPELL OF HYPNOTIC CONFUSION AROUND THE MINDLESS WRAITHS...
...GIVING THE FUGITIVE SORCERER ANOTHER CHANCE TO ESCAPE THE DEADLY TRAP!


NOW FOR THE MOST CRUCIAL PART OF MY FLIGHT! IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR MY PLANE'S DEPARTURE! I DARE NOT MISS IT!


... I CANNOT SUCCESSFULLY BATTLE MORDO, WITH HIS MYSTERIOUSLY INCREASED POWERS, HERE ON HIS HOME GROUNDS! OUR NEXT BATTLE MUST BE AT A TIME AND PLACE OF MY CHOOSING!

AND THAT TIME WILL SURELY COME! FOR AS LONG AS MORDO POSSESSES SUCH AWESOME POWER--SO LONG AS THE VENERABLE ANCIENT ONE MUST REMAIN IN HIDING--I SHALL NEVER STOP FIGHTING THE WICKED BARON!

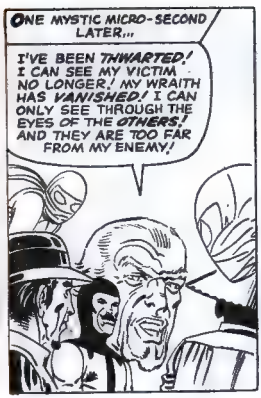
BUT THEN, UPON REACHING THE AIRPORT...
MORDO'S AGENTS! I CANNOT BE MISTAKEN! THE AURA OF SHEER EVIL IS ALMOST STIFLING TO ME!

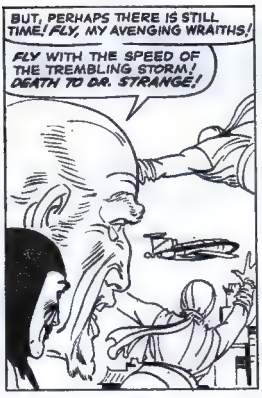
IF THEY SEE ME, I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE PLANE!
BUT I MUST REACH IT--WITHOUT THEM SUSPECTING--IF I AM TO SURVIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!
THAT CARGO HANDLER! HE IS MY ANSWER!

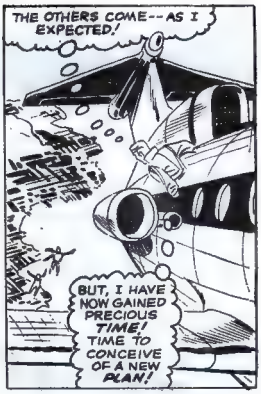
BY THE ROVING RINGS OF RAGGADORR, INNOCENT ONE, MY WILL IS YOUR WILL! YOU MUST OBEY!
I--MUST--OBEY!

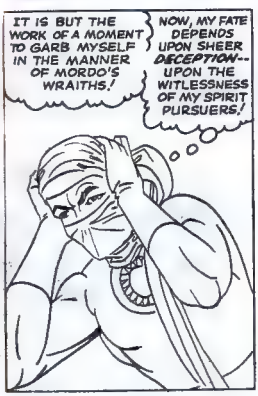
YOU WILL DO AS I COMMAND--AND, WHEN WE ARE DONE--NO MEMORY SHALL REMAIN WITHIN YOUR MIND!

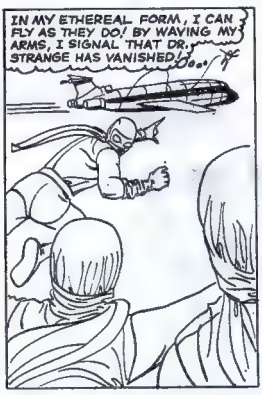
MOMENTS LATER, THE "POSSESSED" CARGO HANDLER SLOWLY CHANGES DIRECTION AND HEADS FOR THE PLANE WHICH IS THE GOAL OF DR. STRANGE...
MORDO'S MEN ARE SURE TO SENSE MY PRESENCE--BUT THEY HAVE NOT THE POWER TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM!
I SEEM TO FEEL A SURGE OF MYSTIC FORCE--AS THOUGH WE ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF SORCERY!
IT MEANS HE IS NEAR! BUT--WHERE??
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW--DRIVE DIRECTLY UNDER THE WING OF THE WAITING PLANE--IT SHALL CONCEAL MY MOVEMENTS!
FOR I SENSE ANOTHER EVIL SPIRIT HOVERING ABOVE!
THEN, WAITING UNTIL THE WRAITH OF BARON MORDO HAS DRIFTED OUT OF IMMEDIATE VISION RANGE, THE MASTER OF MAGIC DARINGLY MAKES HIS MOVE...!
THESE ARE THE CRUCIAL TWO SECONDS ON WHICH ALL DEPENDS!
YOU'RE JUST, IN TIME, SIR! WE TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY!
THE EVIL SPIRIT IS VISIBLY AGITATED! MORDO MUST BE RAGING! HE KNOWS I'VE ELUDED HIM! WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT??
HE'S ENTERED THE PLANE! MORDO MUST BE DIRECTING HIM PERSONALLY ...SEEING ME THROUGH HIS EYES!
THIS IS THE MOMENT OF DECISION! ALL CAN BE WON OR LOST WITHIN THE NEXT FEW SECONDS!
ONLY BY ASSUMING A SPIRIT FORM MYSELF CAN I BATTLE MORDO'S WRAITH!
NO MATTER WHAT SHALL NOW BEFALL, THE OCCUPANTS OF THE PLANE WILL BE TOTALLY UNAWARE OF IT!
BY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR! BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH! IN THE NAME OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI! BEGONE! RETURN TO THE NOTHINGNESS FROM WHENCE YOU HAVE COME!


ONE MYSTIC MICRO-SECOND LATER...
I'VE BEEN THWARTED! I CAN SEE MY VICTIM NO LONGER! MY WRAITH HAS VANISHED! I CAN ONLY SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF THE OTHERS! AND THEY ARE TOO FAR FROM MY ENEMY!


BUT, PERHAPS THERE IS STILL TIME! FLY, MY AVENGING WRAITHS!
FLY WITH THE SPEED OF THE TREMBLING STORM! DEATH TO DR. STRANGE!


THE OTHERS COME--AS I EXPECTED!
BUT, I HAVE NOW GAINED PRECIOUS TIME! TIME TO CONCEIVE OF A NEW PLAN!


IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO GARB MYSELF IN THE MANNER OF MORDO'S WRAITHS!
NOW, MY FATE DEPENDS UPON SHEER DECEPTION--UPON THE WITLESSNESS OF MY SPIRIT PURSUERS!


IN MY ETHEREAL FORM, I CAN FLY AS THEY DO! BY WAVING MY ARMS, I SIGNAL THAT DR. STRANGE HAS VANISHED!

IT WORKED! THEY RETURN TO THEIR EVIL MASTER FOR NEW INSTRUCTIONS! THEY HAD NO REASON TO SUSPECT ONE OF THEM-SELVES!

I WAS A FOOL! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN STRANGE WOULDN'T DARE TAKE A PLANE --HE'D BE TOO VULNERABLE! HE USED AN ILLUSION TO LURE ME TO THE AIRPORT HE HID SOMEWHERE ELSE!

THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY! HAD I ATTEMPTED TO FLEE IN MY ETHEREAL FORM, MORDO WOULD HAVE FOUND ME WITH A SIMPLE SPELL! BUT, HE IS NOT LIKELY TO THINK OF SEARCHING THIS PLANE AGAIN!

BUT, IT IS NO VICTORY I HAVE WON! MERELY A BRIEF RESPITE! I STILL MUST LEARN THE SOURCE OF MORDO'S NEW POWER--AND, UNTIL I DO, MY LIFE IS FORFEIT IF I DARE MAKE ONE MISTAKE!
BEHOLD! BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK, WE PROMISE YOU THIS--YOUR MORTAL EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH MYSTIC ENCHANTMENT AS AWAITS YOU NEXT WEEK! TILL THEN, MAY THE VISHANTI SPEAK YOUR NAME SOFTLY!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

DON'T GET US WRONG! We LIKE to get letters from our favourite folks (and we mean YOU) pointing out errors that sometimes mark our normally peerless pages. Trouble is that every time it does happen hundreds of you fans write in to tell us so—and we can't answer them ALL, now can we? So, even though we'll continue to give specific answers on our letters pages, we'd like to say this for the benefit of all of you who haven't yet had a direct reply!

Yes, we do sometimes slip up! Maybe, occasionally, a word is spelt just a little bitsy wrong! Perhaps, now and then, a piece of art doesn't quite match with the lettering! Well, try as we may, these things happen! No excuse! But as some very wise man once said: "To err is human!" And human is what we like to think we are! We WANT to give our lively literature the human touch!

So!... well, you can't make omelettes without breaking an egg some time, right!

☆ ☆ ☆

This is a [illegible] and a time as any to answ[illegible] you fans who have asked us if there re[illegible]ly IS any connection between the g[illegible] ol' Power Pack and those two colour[illegible] clas[illegible] EAGLE and ROBIN.

Yes, there's a very CLOSE connection! We even work in the same building! If the garret windows would only open [illegible] we could lo[illegible]. UPWARDS to the e[illegible]torial penthouse suite, we would even be able to see the EAGLE and ROBIN teams at work! They're nice people, too! Not at *all* [illegible]uck up! Even though EAGLE is [illegible] the great all-[illegible] in Brit[illegible] thing! Even the[illegible]

ROBIN has [illegible] field of nursery-age literature;

And since we're on the subject, [illegible] any of you merry ones have a younger [illegible]other or sister (around three to six yea[illegible] old) and if you want to feel good, *doing* [illegible]—then make them a present of a[illegible] of ROBIN each week. W[illegible] get a *thrill* [illegible]d [illegible]—the [illegible]d out!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Hugh Robertson, Fife, Scotland; David Hamilton, Huncoat, Accrington, Lancs.; G. Shaw, Sheffield; Geoff Neilson, Seedley, Salford 6; Donald Shephard, Woking, Surrey; William Ruby, Lanarks.; Anthony Worsdall, Hayes, Middx.; Ronnie Murphy, Middleton, Manchester; David Leister, Leeds, York; J. Cousins, Belfast, N. Ireland; Peter Clarke, Edgware, Middx.; David Woodman, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.; Alan Emmerson, London, N.16; Graham Cumming, Linlithgow, W. Lothian, Scotland; Tony Griggs, Dagenham, Essex; Billy Sheppard, Manchester; Brian Boggolt, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham; Tony Merrygold, S. Ruislip, Middx.; S. Mannion, Pickmere, Chesh.; C. Sydenham, Rhondda, Glam

ODD SPORTS

CHAMPION CORMORANT OF JAPAN

Okayama is now the champion bird fisherman of Japan. Okayama is a cormorant and won his title at a recent meeting of Japan's Ancient Guild of Cormorant Fishermen.

Cormorants are fairly big seabirds with a voracious appetite for fish, which they catch by diving under the water. At one time they were trained and used by thousands of Japanese fishermen instead of nets for catching fish.

Nowadays, however, fishing with cormorants is just a sport. But it is a highly-organised sport, and the Ancient Guild of Cormorant Fishermen receives an annual subsidy from the Japanese Government.

Competitors in cormorant fishing contests usually have a team of a dozen birds which perch on the bow of their owner's boat, to which they are tethered by a leather strap. The contests are held at night, and each boat has an iron basket filled with burning wood to give light.

Each bird has a leather collar round the base of its neck to prevent it from swallowing the fish it catches.

The boats line up in a river off the coast where there are likely to be shoals of fish.

At the starting signal, the firing of a rocket, competitors release their teams of cormorants. The birds then dive into the water and gobble as many fish as they can. The fish cannot be swallowed properly because of the collars round their necks.

When the cormorants have packed as many fish as they can into their throats, they return to their owners. Their necks are then squeezed, compelling them to disgorge their catch.

Every cormorant taking part has a tag on its leg with its name and the name of its owner.

Okayama became champion with a catch of 48 fish weighing a total of 117 pounds. His owner's prize was a silver cup and a cheque for £20.

HARD-BOILED WEDDING

Festivities at a wedding in the Polish village of Sosnowiel included an egg-eating competition.

About 30 of the male guests entered and the prize of a side of bacon went to the man who could eat the greatest number of hard-boiled eggs in 20 minutes.

Competitors lined up at a table and before each was a wooden bowl containing three dozen hard-boiled eggs. The man with the least number of eggs in his bowl at the end of 20 minutes was to be declared the winner.

The prize went to the best man, who finished with nine eggs left in his bowl, having eaten 27. The runner-up was the bridegroom's brother, who polished off 22 eggs.

Two competitors were disqualified when the stewards discovered them slipping eggs into their pockets instead of into their mouths.

Top Of The Tops

Bud Sullivan, a 15-year-old schoolboy, claims to be the top spinning champion of Alabama. In competition with nearly 100 other schoolboys he kept a whip-top spinning for 3½ hours.

The contest was held on the concrete surface of a school playground, and besides keeping their tops spinning, competitors had to keep them moving backwards and forwards from one end of the playground to the other.

Competitors lined up at the starting post, a chalk line on the concrete, each holding in one hand his top and in the other the whip.

At the firing of a starting pistol, the tops were wound up with the whip-cord and set spinning. After that it was a matter of careful whipping to keep the tops spinning and moving forward.

All but three competitors had dropped out by the end of two hours and Bud went on to win by a lead of 20 minutes over the runner-up.

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LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS:

SUCK IT AND SEE – IT'S MAGIC!

NEW MIGHTY MAGIC

Walls

MIZ

NOW BANANA OUTSIDE – NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!

First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last *so much longer!* ***AND*** **A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!**

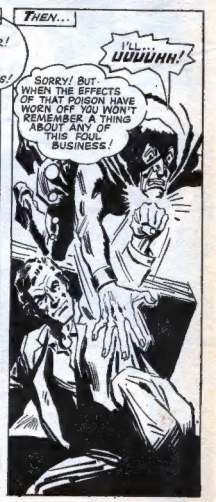
THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN – TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS

MYSTERIOUS MOVING PENCIL

1. Lay a round pencil on the top of a clear table or similar flat surface. **2.** Rub index finger vigorously on your sleeve (to your friends it will appear that you're building up a strange magnetic force!) **3.** Now advance your finger slowly and carefully towards the pencil. **4.** As your finger approaches the pencil, lean well over, take a deep breath and blow downwards as silently as you can so your friends won't guess your secret. And Hey Presto! the pencil will 'run away' from your advancing finger as if by magic!

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

SPECIAL AGENT DON STARR IS TRAPPED IN THE EERIE LAIR OF THE CRIMINAL FIEND CALLED THE ACTOR. THEN HE AND ANOTHER PRISONER, WHO HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A RAVING KILLER BY THE ACTOR'S POISONED DARTS **ARE FORCED TO ACT OUT A TABLEAU OF TERROR...**



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The BLACK KNIGHT